

"See for yourself," said the boy behind the counter. "This date when they were laid, or when you were laid."

"When they was laid," answered the boy.

"Do you use as many as this in a day?"

"No," said the inquisitive man as he glanced at the imposing array of eggs.

"No, depends upon the day. Sometimes only use a couple of eggs," said the boy.

"Then you must lose a lot every day," said the customer.

"I don't mind," said he as he raised his eyebrows at the surprise.

"Why," said the inquisitive man, "I should think you would want stale eggs and the stamp gives them away. I should think you would have to throw a lot away."

"The eggs are fresh and, thank, searching glance into the face of the man, and then he said with the air of one who knows:

"Oh, easy and easy." With that he picked up a cloth behind the counter, soaked it in a mixture of water and vinegar, and then rubbed the egg which he had in a bottle, and then rubbed the cloth on the egg. The inquisitive man looked again and found that the stamp was gone.

"Easy, isn't it?" said the boy, but the inquisitive man sadly set down his glass and muttered something about their being sorry in much knowledge he passed out of the door.